

琉球大学学術リポジトリ

意識の展開と心理・物理的ダイナミクス

メタデータ	言語: English 出版者: 琉球大学教育学部 公開日: 2015-10-26 キーワード (Ja): キーワード (En): 作成者: Taira, Katsuaki, 平良, 勝明 メールアドレス: 所属:
URL	http://hdl.handle.net/20.500.12000/32256

Mind and Body in the Stream of Consciousness

Katsuaki TAIRA

In the space of Virginia Wolf's work, entitled *Mrs. Dalloway*, the emotional spatiality, or whatever contains the ego at its intensest self-exploration, comes to the fore at every passing moment and as it moves from one phase to another the spatiality, the porous and self-contained conscious balloon, expands and extends so widely that the reader and his consciousness is easily engulfed in the space that not only contains the ego that is the original point of lucubration and cogitation--the emotional center from which every single phenomenon is constructed and perceived and reconstructed and deconstructed and as soon as it is constructed it is allowed to coalesce, or rather ramify, in a manner that is as free as any untrammelled mind is allowed to expand in front of every transmogrifying phenomenon it faces every passing moment--but also the ego or consciousness that is the echo and somewhat the destination of the original where the whole process started. It is the intersection of the different egos and consciousnesses that interact with each other, that come in contact with each other, while changing and modifying the way they function, where the gestalt images and overall pictures of the narrative fully develop. Each one could be an island unto itself, to herself or himself, but the island never remains completely tightly wrapped and self-contained, shunning the influence and interactive force that is exerted upon itself and maintaining an autonomous and self-perpetuating conscious being fully intact unto eternity; on the contrary the island is fully penetrated and invaded and assaulted with full force that is exerted and released upon the core of its being every passing second simply because it is the porous nature of its being and existential necessity that obliges it to allow the multifarious and irresistible influences and forces to fall upon itself, while simultaneously modifying itself, or allowing it modify itself, and at the same time inevitably and reciprocally exerting both visible and invisible force upon the actant, which originally exerted the influence on the "autonomous" island, the being and consciousness that has existed as long as it has. It is my intention to see the process of interaction between such congeries of islands, consciousnesses and beings, as they exert subtle and not so subtle influence upon each other and see what narrative spatiality results consequently as the "free autonomous beings" eke out their lives while inevitably causing each other to exert the ineluctable force, whether it be through

mundane interaction that is manifested in daily greetings or by way of or through the process of whatever subtle change one notices as she passes a complete stranger in the street, for example, reminding herself and catching herself by the transformation it has eventually caused in her inner being, which she may or may not become conscious of for months or years until she does, perhaps abruptly but nonetheless inevitably—or the change and transformation in question could be the kind that affects the way one interacts not only with another but the way one realigns oneself in the passage of time, hearkening back to the momentous events as she reconstitutes herself and others in relation to herself or some or what seems like immovable historical events that usually force ourselves to be referenced to them as we change and move and transform our positionality, be it physical or mental or psychological, as we are defined and continually redefined in the narrative space that develops over a span of years and decades. Suffice it say, that it is, my essay is my rather unambitious attempt to focus on and enter into (random) characters who appear in the narrative space of Virginia Woolf, as they define themselves or being defined by others and while doing so reflecting others and letting others mirror and reflect and define themselves in relation to the characters and conscious beings that are portrayed and situated both in the center and periphery of the narrative space.¹

A man from the past reemerges in the form of Clarissa's former lover and good friend. As soon as he emerges before her the memories rush back to her, tingling the core of her being, reminding Clarissa what transpired at the water fountain there at Bourton and what could have and might have happened, if all the parameters had aligned in a manner that might have been satisfactory to both of them, who obviously

¹ The interactive consciousnesses that influence each other and at the same time exerting and asserting their autonomous existence—may be the theme, or rather one of the main themes that coalesces in the narrative landscape that evolves in *Mrs. Dalloway*. The dominant consciousness in the center of the narrative, or the one flowing consciousness that pulses through the narrative expanse may be the source from which everything flows and is defined as they grow and develop a totality, that may resemble the reality as we live it and in it on a daily basis—that is what is foregrounded in the story as the reader interacts with many of the manifestations of the consciousness or a congeries of consciousnesses as they grow and flow through the narrative landscape, yielding and resulting in a picture that is and constitutes the world of Mrs. Dalloway as it evolves right in front of the reader's consciousness. The relationship between and among consciousnesses that are at play and are juxtaposed with each other and allowed to generate a totality of nuanced significances may be meaningfully impacted on the idea of traditional sense of "stream of consciousness," in sense and in terms of a technique that was much talked about in the past. See the argument on the terminology and the traditional sense of the approach foregrounded by the term, as developed in *The Rhetoric of Modernist Fiction: From a New Point of View* (Lebanon, New Hampshire: University Press of New England, 2006), pp. 102-123, authored by Morton P. Levitt.

were in love, or so she reminds herself with redoubled conviction. Peter is in a sense a changed man and at the same time remains exactly or at least remains more less the same man at the core, as he himself hearkens back to the happy and fulfilled moments, or the moments that might have been completely satisfactory if he and Clarissa were left alone without any intervention and if Clarissa had not been attracted by a uniquely independent and peculiarly attractive woman by the name of Sally Seaton. But as Peter coalesces in front of Clarissa in the residence that indeed brings to his mind how far they have drifted apart in status and the way they eke out their living, the way they look at the world and how they reconcile themselves with the love that seemed to open a whole adventurous and wondrous potentiality there at Bourton decades ago. They were innocent then and totally convinced of the renewable energy of love that could take them far, indeed far away from the physical abode of Bourton while they remained convinced that the moment they savored and the moment that put them together in the premise of Bourton was the one that would keep them forever bonded in a manner that was inscrutable and at the same time that was fateful and almost predetermined. Instead of recurring to the fulfilled or nearly fulfilled moments of love and youthfulness, they are face to face ready to confront each other, reminding themselves how separated they have become both in physical distance and psychological. The first topic Peter brings out is his impending marriage and the circumstances under which he came to meet a woman, a married woman, to a soldier stationed in India. What is the need for him to broach the subject and tell Clarissa, totally out of the blue and totally uncalled for, what happened and how he came to run into a lady, an attached one as well, and invoke the passionate love and the fateful union, which might have been predestined even before Peter met and had pleasurable moments with Clarissa—could it be, the introduction of an uncalled for subject, a sweet vengeance on Clarissa and his vain and yet valiant attempt to put together all the elements that somehow and magically bring back the enchanted days of the past? Peter simply continues in the same train of thought and in the same vein, as Clarissa is forced to endure the excruciating tale, which she would rather not hear and not know as it reminds her of the past and the passionate moments and the circumstances and the different eventualities that might have resulted under different constellations and different circumstances. What if Sally was not there and what if her father was more understanding of the Bohemian man, who turned out to be quite true to his predictions and decided to go to India where he fortuitously met a married woman, a uncultured and uneducated woman who is nothing, a veritable nonentity, compared to her, while she in fact remained very proper and indeed eventually married to an member of parliament, or someone who has a decent

job and someone extremely presentable to society. Someone who makes herself, no other than Clarissa, very presentable as well to any society—no wonder, and she is proud of it, she is hosting a party later in the day. Everything comes together except the sudden intrusion of Peter. Why did he burst into her world, bringing the least desirable piece of news, the news she did not even think of bursting onto her conscious horizon, disturbing her, causing the ripples, the concentric circles of irritation. What business does he have of getting married to a married woman and worst of all telling the purpose of his visit to London, the trip all the way from India just to finalize his marriage to the uncultured barbarian like his fiancé, that is what courses through her mind as she faces Peter and as she is plunged simultaneously to the distant and at the same time somehow nostalgic world, a completely different and innocent and innocuous one she would rather go back to, paradoxically enough. The ambivalent emotions emerge and course through the narrative landscape as the two engage in a casual dialogue, which seems to be centered on the person Clarissa thinks she has already met but never in fact will lay her eyes on. Regardless of what is coursing through her mind, Peter continues on with the delightful information of his marriage. Why has he suddenly materialized in her precious abode, Clarissa asks herself while incessantly seeking the answer thereto. Is it to vent his anger and his frustration, of not being united happily with her when his love was so obviously manifested there at the water fountain where they met and where he commented on the cabbages and what she was engaged in there in darkness on a rather romantic evening? He did not care what she was thinking of as long as he was satisfied and content with what he observed, or rather what he elicited from Clarissa as he casually and rather maliciously dropped a silly and all so common nonchalant remark, comparing vegetables to humans, for instance. He was completely in love and completely emotionally involved with her. He merely tried to hide his true emotions and pretended to be casual about everything he did, everything that pertained to his relationship with Clarissa. No wonder that he, emerging from and through the miasma of years of passage of time, is ready to talk about love. In a way, his talk of love, how he is in love with the other one in India, resonates with the sentiment he harbored toward Clarissa there near the water fountain on a romantic evening and the dialogue that takes place in the present is in fact continuous with the dialogue he exchanged with Clarissa and others at Bourton. The sweet echo of the surfs reverberating through wooded hills and sighing through the branches and leaves merges with the talk that transpires now, as Peter intently and passionately intones of his love for the other and none other than Clarissa, who stands in front of him. The passage of time is merely a facade and catalyst through which his love and his sentiment transport him to the then

and there as he faced Clarissa years ago at Bourton and as his dream was dashed by the presence of Clarissa's love in the person of Sally Seaton. But all the memories and the sources thereof, by which he recollects and reconnects the passionate moments of the then with those that are putatively coalescing via the lover in India, merge and transfuse into the relationship, both of the past and the present, which is evoked and only made possible by the person who stands in front of him.

But the sentiment and emotion, that is most predominant among other emotions and sentiments she harbors at the moment is jealousy. As soon as she faces her former lover and with all the romantic and youthful moments evolving and ballooning over her imaginative horizon, she is brought to face to face with all the youthful faces and her adversaries, who in fact merge and converge in the person of the woman in India. The sentiment is so consistent and strong that Clarissa has a difficult time even to obliterate it for a single second. The confrontation and chance encounter, albeit there is no chance involved and nothing fortuitous about the reunion between the two, two former lovers and romantic youths at Bourton, gamboling and having the time of their life, or so they thought at the time but never thought that their lives would diverge and potentially never converge, except that the long-lost youthful lover is back on English soil and in her abode decades later, Clarissa now married and Peter is about to, the reunion of the two giving rise to the worst of her sentiment, as Clarissa could think of nothing except to seize the cues to vent her feelings and sense of rivalry at the person she has not met and yet she already feels the presence of, as if she had actually met the person being depicted and who Peter is obviously so excited about. But nothing like the direct and candid admission of Peter's when it comes to the purest and strongest feeling, something that resonates and nothing adulterated and something she cannot hide from herself, as Peter admits that he is, for the first time in many years, he is "in love." By then, by the time Peter confesses to his true sentiment, Clarissa is ready to burst into a lament, yearning and regret about why she and Peter could not enjoy those moments to their fullest extent and continue the relationship that seemed to only develop deeper and more romantic. The confession is and appears to be a mere challenge to her sensibility and courage, to dare her to recall and evoke the moments of passionate exchange, of mere words perhaps, by the water fountain at Bourton. The romantic nights when she looked over the sky and found so many stars and such beautiful sights, which Peter facetiously and jocularly turned into a comparison between vegetables and something more dense and profound, or at least so she thought. But the confession he makes and gauntlet Peter throws down at her abode after his journey from India, "I am in love," he said, not to her however, but to someone raised up

in the dark so that you could not touch her but must lay your garland down on the grass in the dark.” To this the immediate response she makes obviously is the sordid image she sees of a decrepit man in his later years, with wrinkled hands and wrinkled up neck, all the features that are so unbecoming of a lover, at least a romantic lover. Clarissa despises him and looks down on him, imagining that after so many years of psychological trauma she alone suffered all these years, reminiscing about the moments, which could have contained the seeds of romantic flowering, resulting in a scene where two of them leading a happy and content life, surrounded by their friends, who also hearken back to the emotional moments at Bourton, only exception being that they would have been the contributors of happiness and they would have been participants in the blissful life of the two of them. But the present and the cruel and sordid reality brings her back to the present, where in fact she is face to face with Peter, who would supposedly have disappeared and gone forever from her private life, gone off to someplace distant and exotic, India being an appropriate land he could have disappeared to and vanished into oblivion at.² The jealousy, the strong gushing of emotions that manifest in her hands and in her face and cheeks, rejuvenate her, making her younger and perhaps veritably young both mentally and physically. After all she is responding to the challenge presented by Peter in a manner she would have in her youth. The emotion that is physically mutated and transfused into her somatic presence in fact gives her vigor one more time, after all the years of halcyon days at her abode, rather depressing, in fact, too sedate, perhaps, that are punctuated by brighter moments and darker moments interchangeably. All the sentiment that arises in her, in her physical being and in her mind is summed up as “egotism,” a sentiment that is focused upon her own being and flowing out to the object of her jealousy, a man who stands in front of her after so many years of absence, the sentiment that could not arise

² It may be interesting and useful to elaborate and expand on the concept of “private” in the context of Clarissa and others’ conscious existence. On a psychological and conscious level, Clarissa and others exist on a plane that is filled with phases that cannot be juxtaposed as happening or taking place linearly but disjunctively, as the moments that follow from one phase to another are the ones that dither and wander from one chronological moment to another without being constrained by the linear chronological flow, which rules the external and physical space where every single one of us is supposed to reside. The moments, the private moments and the enlightening and enlightened moments that are revealed through the technique used by Virginia Woolf are not only a main theme that recurs and flows through the narrative of Mrs. Dalloway but are also junctures wherein the reader glimpses the true existence each character and by extension each one of us ekes out on a day-to-day or moment to moment basis. See the relevant argument developed by Robert Humphrey in his *Stream of Consciousness in the Modern Novel* (Berkeley, California: University of California Press, 1954), pp. 1-122.

without the central and all important center of self, whom Clarissa cherishes more than anything or anyone else.

But the indomitable egotism which for ever rides down the hosts opposed to it, the river which says on, on, on; even though, it admits, there may be no goal for us whatever, still on, on; this indomitable egotism charged her cheeks with colour; made her look very young; very pink; very bright-eyed as she sat with her dress upon her knee, and her needle held to the end of green silk, trembling a little.

The blushed face and red face and trembling fingers all indicate the source of energy that rises from the center of her being. It is interesting to note that in spite of her strong feeling toward Peter, epitomized as anger and malice and all those related to her jealousy that go toward the person who has become the object of Peter's love, she is once more reinvigorated and brought to the phase that is reminiscent of the youthful romantic moments she and others experienced at Bourton. She tries to remain calm and tries to maintain composure, not only because she does not want to give Peter an impression that she has lost the romantic rivalry but also she is desirous to emphasize that she appreciates and savors the passage of time, which should have left them, both Clarissa and Peter in a state that is more amenable to contemplation and self-reflection than acting upon instinct and impetus, which is the opposite of maturity and civilized calm intelligence, or what it stands for, that might have accumulated throughout the years both of them lived separately and discretely. She cannot resist the temptation to ask more about the Indian lover of Peter's, however. She is in a sense on the same level as Peter when it comes to passionate outburst of emotions or relationships, or anything pertaining to it, between man and woman. But the inquiry into the identity of the woman turns out to be a vendetta on the part of Clarissa. She does not wish to keep the other kept on a pedestal of youthful romantic yearning, a trophy Peter certainly does not deserve either, especially when he virtually discarded and forsaken Clarissa years ago there at Bourton, while in fact she has not given up on it, the idea of being united with her first love, or first person who interested her in a manner that was fresh and refreshing under the circumstances she found herself in since her birth. The more she hears about the woman in India the more she hates not only herself but Peter, as she constitutes and reconstitutes in her imaginative mind a person who is unbecoming of a lover, who could not possibly love any other woman better than he does her, or rather in a manner she could love him. A wife with children, the image becomes too abhorrent and ugly, and the moment she forms it in her mind the jealousy she harbored toward the woman turns into a pity for Peter. He certainly deserves a better woman than the one he confesses to be in love with. She could not possibly allow the union of the two to

happen, or so she wishes and imagines.

She flattered him; she fooled him, thought Clarissa; shaping the woman, the wife of the Major in the Indian Army, with three strokes of a knife. What a waste! What a folly! All his life long Peter had been fooled like that; first getting sent down from Oxford; next marrying the girl on the boat going out to India; now the wife of a Major in the Indian Army — thank Heaven she had refused to marry him! Still, he was in love; her old friend, her dear Peter, he was in love.

The thought process that involves both the past where they actually fell in love with and the present where they are somehow engaged in an adversarial relationship, where Clarissa constantly feeling somehow irritated and reacting to the remark by Peter as to his intention to be married to the woman he met in India and Peter seemingly, and at least on the surface, constantly thinking of the woman he putatively confesses to be in love with, with the intensity that eclipses the love he felt he harbored for Clarissa there and in the past at Bourton—all the thought processes of the two that go on regardless of whatever they might be thinking, which in fact might contradict what they confess they plan to do in the near, or even immediate, future—the two layers of thought processes, both the ones that are internally pulsating through the narrative space and the externally expressed intentions that surface on and off, intercalated by the inner thought wandering off to omni-directions and which tend to contradict whatever the two characters explicitly state and which in fact intermittently and disjunctively surface and resurface in the narrative space. The incessant flow of the thought, inclusive of the inner and external ones that clash with each other, but nonetheless progressing in a manner that is insouciant, or rather indifferent, to each other and not really contradicting each other either, or rather incrementing the thought process that simply accelerates the multi-stranded processes that converge and diverge in and out of the narrative space that finally coalesce in the reader's mind.³ The

³ The conscious flow, or the flow of thought that runs through the narrative can be a source of all the complications and intertwining of the narrative plots and characters who participate in it on a level where they somehow become pertinent to each other and become even a force to transform the other in a way that is not expected at the inception of the story, simply because they rarely, or never for that matter, physically come in contact with each other. The case in point, as described by Jose Luis Araujo Lima, is Clarissa and Septimus. Although Clarissa merely skirts around the periphery of the conscious space inhabited by Septimus, they develop parallel and analogous conscious trajectories, one impacting the other and at the same time never merging with each other and yet constituting the two aspects of one overruling consciousness perfectly forming a totality of the conscious realm that is made up of all the ingredients that are comprehended in the narrative, and which yields a conscious realm that is much more than the sum total of them all. In such a world of crisscrossing of conscious selves, or transmogrifying phases thereof, the reader is ineluctably involved and engulfed and

happen, or so she wishes and imagines.

She flattered him; she fooled him, thought Clarissa; shaping the woman, the wife of the Major in the Indian Army, with three strokes of a knife. What a waste! What a folly! All his life long Peter had been fooled like that; first getting sent down from Oxford; next marrying the girl on the boat going out to India; now the wife of a Major in the Indian Army — thank Heaven she had refused to marry him! Still, he was in love; her old friend, her dear Peter, he was in love.

The thought process that involves both the past where they actually fell in love with and the present where they are somehow engaged in an adversarial relationship, where Clarissa constantly feeling somehow irritated and reacting to the remark by Peter as to his intention to be married to the woman he met in India and Peter seemingly, and at least on the surface, constantly thinking of the woman he putatively confesses to be in love with, with the intensity that eclipses the love he felt he harbored for Clarissa there and in the past at Bourton—all the thought processes of the two that go on regardless of whatever they might be thinking, which in fact might contradict what they confess they plan to do in the near, or even immediate, future—the two layers of thought processes, both the ones that are internally pulsating through the narrative space and the externally expressed intentions that surface on and off, intercalated by the inner thought wandering off to omni-directions and which tend to contradict whatever the two characters explicitly state and which in fact intermittently and disjunctively surface and resurface in the narrative space. The incessant flow of the thought, inclusive of the inner and external ones that clash with each other, but nonetheless progressing in a manner that is insouciant, or rather indifferent, to each other and not really contradicting each other either, or rather incrementing the thought process that simply accelerates the multi-stranded processes that converge and diverge in and out of the narrative space that finally coalesce in the reader's mind.³ The

³ The conscious flow, or the flow of thought that runs through the narrative can be a source of all the complications and intertwining of the narrative plots and characters who participate in it on a level where they somehow become pertinent to each other and become even a force to transform the other in a way that is not expected at the inception of the story, simply because they rarely, or never for that matter, physically come in contact with each other. The case in point, as described by Jose Luis Araujo Lima, is Clarissa and Septimus. Although Clarissa merely skirts around the periphery of the conscious space inhabited by Septimus, they develop parallel and analogous conscious trajectories, one impacting the other and at the same time never merging with each other and yet constituting the two aspects of one overruling consciousness perfectly forming a totality of the conscious realm that is made up of all the ingredients that are comprehended in the narrative, and which yields a conscious realm that is much more than the sum total of them all. In such a world of crisscrossing of conscious selves, or transmuting phases thereof, the reader is ineluctably involved and engulfed and

question, Clarissa nonchalantly asks Peter, “what are you going to do?” is sequenced by her internal cogitation, which supplements and continues the outrage she initially felt upon hearing his confession, as to the purpose of his visit to England, that is, to finalize his marriage to the woman in India. Surprisingly, or rather expectedly, Clarissa keeps her calm and manages to simply blurt out the question in a matter-of-fact way, to which Peter is expected to answer in a way she herself answers in her mind, which is continuous with the anger and outrage she reflexively felt in response to his abrupt announcement of his impending marriage to the woman. But the calmer tone is suddenly disrupted by the outburst of anger she lets out in spite of herself, or so it seems. Fortunately for Clarissa, the outburst happens only in her mind, where she does not have to hide her true feeling or sentiment except that it needs to remain always subsurface, below the articulate verbalization, which or rather at which level, she needs to be extremely careful, where her tone and words need to be under control, or rather, on the contrary, where she can give free rein to her extreme and untrammelled emotions. She cannot afford to surrender herself to the base and low-level uncivil exchange of words where her true sentiment may be clearly visible and palpable to Peter, giving him an opportunity to declare that the virtual confession she made at the water fountain is still valid, that she in fact has harbored the sentiment she has just revealed at the moment, making herself vulnerable, allowing Peter to perceive and intuit what she was thinking, her sentiment toward him, how she yearned to be with him, he being intellectually her opposite and superior, not only that but in all kinds of ways, family background, temperament and intellectual honesty, being true to herself and not bound by manacles and hide-bound family tradition, class tradition, which it seems to him Clarissa obviously allows to hinder herself from expressing her genuine sentiment.⁴

forced to participate and actively cooperate and contribute to the narrative space that is uniquely pertinent to human consciousness and condition in general. See more on the theme developed in “For there they were”, authored by Jose Luis Araujo Lima, collected in *Virginia Woolf: Three Centenary Celebrations* (Porto, Portugal: University of Porto, 2007), pp. 109-118.

⁴ On a textual level, as Joan Douglas Peters mentions, *Mrs. Dalloway* could be seen as an expression of a different voice Virginia Woolf developed in her exploration of the real or after long deliberation over what needs to be addressed beneath the superficial facade traditional novels merely and barely touched upon—a voice that constitutes a counter expression to the ethos Woolf saw as prevented the authentic search for the real, that which actually takes place beneath the surface of the monotonous everyday plying of the formalities and superficialities, which a novelist with perspicuity and urgent sense of her mission like herself needs to break through and rupture in order to get to the actual and true and nucleus of the lives everyone leads on a day-to-day basis. See the argument about the alternate and counter voice Woolf explored and expressed through her work, as developed by Joan Douglas Peters in *Feminist Metafiction and the*

Clarissa cannot afford to let him chortle and gloat over her surrender and I-told-you-so moment. All the thoughts that occur subsurface, under the liminal ken, need to remain impenetrable to Peter, she cannot afford to let him see she is angry and contrite and disappointed that she could not pursue the incipient love that she and Peter mutually recognized was burgeoning at Bourton, which causes to make her even more angry because after all these long years he is marrying a married woman with children, someone he does not deserve, or rather the woman definitely does not deserve him, and yet the thought of Peter united in matrimony angers her and makes her frustrated and irritated. In and out weaving her inner thought with outer thought, as it were, makes it possible to show the multi-faceted phases of her emotions toward Peter and the woman he is marrying. She could be a calm and completely intellectual self while alternately simmering with anger and completely emotional, true to her self and being and sentiment, and at the same time overwhelmed with the obsession that she cannot possibly allow him to be married to a complete stranger to herself without her approval. It does not matter whether Peter is getting married to a woman in India or Russia or France because it is simply that she cannot approve of finding him and him being united with a woman other than herself. Selfish self-centered egotism manifests itself in the exchange between the two. The alternating narrative trajectory, weaving in and out of the exterior and inner thoughts pursuing jaggedly and disjunctively one after another, busily hearkening back to the days when she was all intent on capturing and making Peter her own and the now when he is, at least on the surface, completely negligent and oblivious of Clarissa, the most important person she herself could think of, the most possessive of all the women he could have ever met, or so it turns out as she engages him in an incessant conversation, reminding him and annoying him, hinting at the possibility that they could be back together, and in the meantime always aware of the presence of the woman who is meddling with her, with their relationship, the woman thrust in the midst of them who is in India, the woman Peter met on the boat and now he is determined to get married to, properly married, all the legal work taken care of by the solicitors and lawyers who specialize in relevant documents. However, his old mannerism suddenly irritates her and angers her beyond control, almost, as she rebukes him and excoriates him and tell him, in her mind, to cease fiddling with his knife. She does not abandon herself to an outburst of emotions, in which case she would have turned herself into a loser and would have sent Peter off to a happy marriage and blissful after years, that is, after the years that proceeded from the moment they

exchanged fateful conversation at the water fountain.

For Heaven's sake, leave your knife alone! she cried to herself in irrepressible irritation; it was his silly unconventionality, his weakness; his lack of the ghost of a notion what any one else was feeling that annoyed her, had always annoyed her; and now at his age, how silly!

The anger forces her to center on the fact that he is getting married at his age, old senile and sniveling romancer, who has no business finding a woman, any woman except the one who truly deserves. How vain and hollow the final string of words referring to the passage of time, the idea of past one's prime, sound. They almost recur to the moments when they shared their romantic time together at Bourton and the years that transpired since then, all the years spent separately and yet with their minds connected and always referring to each other, worried and concerned how the other might be thinking of himself or herself. The passage of time she feels in herself and sees in each other is another reason why Clarissa feels so angry that a man who is past his prime needs to look for a woman and seeks to find happiness in a woman who is not as consequential as herself. Her self again comes back to the fore and the idea of cohabiting the time-space, where she spent such happy youthful moments with a person she thought she truly communicated with and yet because of all the contingencies and external and internal circumstances prevented from pursuing the same path with, which once diverged never converged, or so she was tempted to assume often.

All the passionate moments come back to her with a vengeance. As Peter fiddles with his knife, the pointed and sharp object, apparently (the central consciousness) allowing it to symbolize his masculinity, even his sexual prowess, he tries to overcome the regret and humiliation he suffered at the hands of not only Clarissa but also her present and current husband, Richard.⁵ A proud man and with an

⁵ There is a repressed and suppressed sexual energy that manifests in many forms in the novel. It oftentimes takes the form of repressed psychological trauma, or lingering depressive psyche that manifests and comes to the fore, albeit still somehow repressed and circuitous and somehow in a smothering way, as Septimus and Clarissa engage in a dance of implicit duet, one representing the other and the other compensating the desires that coalesce in the person of the other and putting and pushing the hidden desires onto a tangible and perceptible level, and the overall picture emerging as one of the main leitmotifs, or rather shedding light thereon, of the novel, as demonstrated and argued by Barbara Hill Rigney in *Madness and Sexual Politics in the Feminist Novel: Studies in Brontë, Woolf, Lessing, and Atwood* (Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin Press, 1980), pp. 39-64. See the argument that is centered on the repressed sexuality and consciousness that verges on psychosis, being developed in the work, which in all could give rise to an important insight into the minds of such characters as Septimus Smith and Clarissa Dalloway, and through their vicarious narrative self-evolution the author's as well.

overblown ego, he is nevertheless crushed and plunged into the nadir of his emotions, all the more so because the masculinity he tries to assert and flaunt and demonstrate in front of his love clashes with what he confesses—to be married to the woman in India, a married woman with children, the point he repeats and goes over time and again, trying to convince Clarissa that he has passed beyond the past and left those passionate and romantic moments thoroughly behind him and the only thing he looks forward to at the moment is the imminent passionate and happy marriage with the person he is sure he is in love with—but regardless of all the minor details he forces himself to reiterate and let Clarissa share and force her to relive and go through, he cannot help but retrace decades back to the place where he and she mutually experienced the first incipient love, something that occurred for the first time in their lives and for that reason so much more intense and so much more precious. Upon recollection of those moments, he is overwhelmed and with the shared moments in the present and the past, both of them are plunged into the moments of incredible and uncontrollable passion, out of which they can never pull themselves, rendering themselves utterly vulnerable and completely at a loss to escape from where the incandescent love has taken them to, that Peter is ready to or finally does surrender to the inexorably strong passions that overwhelm him. Something dream-like and utterly unreal happens at this juncture as Peter collapses and cries and visibly loses self-control, or which might eventually turn out to be a figment of his or her imagination or a recreation of the powerful imagination at work in the center of the narrative landscape. He is in tears and (for Clarissa) the most masculine and exhibitionistically sexual and most prominently masculine man, a lover and a man she deemed as her first love, a person she could recollect the passionate moments at Bourton together and through whom she could herself reminisce and bring back the miraculous images of the past, youthful moments and a possible catalyst to disappear out of this world and at the same time moored to the locale and smell and air and everything that is integral to all she regards dear to her being, all the things that constitute the home of her being at Bourton—all of those coalesce over her conscious horizon and simultaneously she is brought back to her own self that evolved at that particular juncture there and then with Peter and others while those moments thrust between herself and Peter at the present. As a result Peter gets what he, unbeknownst to himself, came back to England and London for, to be with Clarissa, held in her arms and caressed by her tender and most understanding sentiment and intellect, while Clarissa plays her part, the tenderest and ideal partner she proves herself to be, brushing his hair, the fleece of the gentlest and tenderest soul she found herself completely in union with in spirit and sentiment and temperament, or could it be

because Peter is her complete opposite that she finds him so congenial and a perfect counterbalance to a being like her. The cry of Peter's soul is met by the reciprocal cry of Clarissa's as they meet in the domestic space of her home, after so many years of separation when they thought, or at least Clarissa occasionally thought their paths have forever diverged and not converging at any time for the rest of their lives. The keening cry of Peter's soul is met by the thankful relief of Clarissa's somatic being, as she reminds herself that they could have achieved the union she has not been able to attain even with her legal husband, Richard, for all the years she has been married to him. The reunion with Peter turns into a tearful one indeed, but such sweet tears too, and the vicarious, or rather symbolic, masculinity in the shape of the knife is sufficient for Clarissa to achieve the climax she implicitly has been desirous of since she met him there at Bourton or since she married Richard. The keening arising from the bottom of their hearts is compensated by the satisfactory embrace that results for Peter, perhaps, but the next moment it turns into regret for Clarissa as she is made aware of the missed opportunities and missed pleasurable times she could have had with Peter. Then the sudden depression sets in, the same sadness and the sense of unavoidable and inescapable slough of despond, and even darker and more solipsistic grip of hopelessness and loneliness than anyone could ever imagine presses down on Clarissa's psyche.

It was all over for her. The sheet was stretched and the bed narrow. She had gone up into the tower alone and left them blackberrying in the sun. The door had shut, and there among the dust of fallen plaster and the litter of birds' nests how distant the view had looked, and the sounds came thin and chill (once on Leith Hill, she remembered), and Richard, Richard! she cried, as a sleeper in the night starts and stretches a hand in the dark for help.

As Clarissa is reunited with Peter and they embrace each other, as it were, she is, paradoxically enough, left alone and the sense, keenest sense she has of the situation where she finds herself, transmogrifies into the narrow bed and the lonely tower with the closed doors, where she is destined to lead a solitary lugubrious life, left to seek help, calling out the name of her husband in desperation, but finds herself abandoned even by the last bastion of domestic bliss. The physical being she is with, sharing the moment with, now leaves her and disappears into the thin air of the past while another being and the Member of Parliament who is supposed to be the buttress and pillar of her fragile soul remains missing and beyond reach. She calls his name but in vain and she finds herself helplessly squeezed between the past that is so tantalizingly within reach but ever so beyond grasp and the person whom she is united in happy matrimony in the

present, a person she chose over another and is a possible window into the brighter albeit rather predictable future, and who yet is gone astray--or could it be the other way around?--and is not to be found when she needs him most. She is nearly frantic and almost in a complete mental disarray.

The partner she could return to and she faces in front of her in her domestic sphere is Peter. She entreats him to take her back, take her away from the humdrum environment she has been incarcerated in for the past decades since she parted her ways from Peter's, or so she putatively desires to cry out to the person who is in the same room. But it is Peter who really needs to recuperate the happy and blissful moments that occurred and materialized at Bourton, by the water fountain, outside the French window, by the vegetable garden where he and they could hear the gentle surfs resounding from the nearby shores. He is desperate and near the edge and ready to succumb to the charms of the intelligent and fresh flower which Clarissa appears to him and represents, or is he merely dreaming and resuscitating the image that used to be that of Clarissa's, or identified with her, and now in fact is no longer the case? In the meantime, Clarissa is ready to reciprocate in sentiment and observes him as he stands in front of her, with narrow shoulders and the delicate lines that delineate his person, the manner his coat is raised and the face, the lovely and adorable face that could bring back the moments they shared together and allowed her to dream of the brightest of the future they could have had together decades thence, but in fact shattered and broken into pieces as their paths diverged and never converged until this very moment. It is the moment then when they can reconnect and bring back the youthful passions together to break through the barrier that might have arisen, invisible and indescribable and yet ineluctable, a barrier that nevertheless stands between them irresistibly, solid and perhaps that cannot be demolished after all.

And it was awfully strange, he thought, how she still had the power, as she came tinkling, rustling, still had the power as she came across the room, to make the moon, which he detested, rise at Bourton on the terrace in the summer sky.

While Peter stands on the other end of the room, he tries his best to retrieve the forgotten, almost lost remnants of emotions and passions and sentiments they could together resuscitate and, he wishes, relive together in the moment. But he may simply be dreaming and wishing beyond hope for something that would never coalesce and become their own. The word their mutual sentiment gives rise to, something that can be shared between the two of them, seems and sounds so hollow, as he recurs back decades and reminisces about the moments near the fountain, in vain, because he knows those moments are gone and lost forever and would never be recovered and reclaimed, a

sentiment that echoes and reverberates in Clarissa's mind as well, as she wishes to bring back those beautiful and pleasurable moments together with Peter and with her friends at Bourton, but at the same time knowing so well that they would never come back and she or Peter would never be allowed to relive those moments again. The sadness seizes her heart and mind, leaving a sense that she is brought back to the room of her own, a narrow and tiny room, a lonely tower with the doors closed, the doors that could otherwise lead to the fun and joyous chrono-spatiality where she and others, her family and friends, Peter and Richard and all the others had such innocent and passionate time together at Bourton. They will never come back to her or to Peter. The sense of loss is too much for both of them. That is why Peter is ready to surrender himself, regardless of the circumstances or consequences, to the gut wrenching emotions that well out of the bottom of his heart, a state where he is totally alone and unprotected by the pride and intellect and extraneous philosophizing and embellishment he is used to cover his vulnerable soul with, a state where he is bereft of all those protective covers and shells that could make him less pregnable to the sentiment and emotional shock he is bombarded with. He is ready to entreat Clarissa to take him, to relive the moments of the past joys and glory and fun together, reclaim the innocent moments that could have been purely their own, of their own. Clarissa is also ready to meet there in that mental and psychological state where she too desired so hopelessly, or rather hopefully, to be united with the one she thought was in love with, the one she thought she finally found, the one who could understand her and empathize with her. But at that juncture, something surprising and at the same time very mundane and a daily piece of occurrence happens in the form of Clarissa's daughter. Elizabeth enters and intrudes between the two and suddenly, Clarissa is back to her normal self, a mere function, who is supposed to be a perfect hostess and perfect mother in support of her husband and her cherished domestic sphere. The reflexive remark coming out of her mouth symbolizes the entrenched nature of her function in the domestic sphere she calls her home, where a momentous event is taking place in the evening. But, the phrase she utters upon entrance of her daughter is, "Here is my Elizabeth." And she utters it with so much gusto and emotionality and enthusiasm, perhaps. The barrier that seems to have been breaking down and crumbling at the reunion of the old lovers reinserts itself between the two and they are there, standing in the same room but two complete strangers as if they had not known each other. The passage of time that occurred since their separation, since they engaged in the fateful conversation by the water fountain, pushes them further apart than ever and they might as well have been standing in the same room but at different times in their

spatio-temporal existential phase. The death knell tolls as the Big Ben with its leaden circles strikes another half hour.⁶

The sound of Big Ben striking the half-hour struck out between them with extraordinary vigour, as if a young man, strong, indifferent, inconsiderate, were swinging dumb-bells this way and that.

The indifference of time, or rather passage of time, which in fact intervened between them, pulling them apart and making them aware of the different phases of consciousness they have eventually reached, reminds them once again that the person who stands in front of each other is someone who has been completely lost and who could never ever be brought back to the image they each cultivated for the other in their minds and kept in their hearts for all these years. The cursory recognition of a stranger in the person of Elizabeth, someone who is a doppelganger of Clarissa, someone who reminds of what Clarissa was like in the past, is the best he could do as Peter hurriedly bids adieu to Clarissa and leaves the place. Clarissa's conciliatory and parting remark, "Remember my party to-night," sounds, poignantly enough, "frail and thin and very far away as Peter Walsh shut the door."

Peter, on the other hand, is on his way to whatever destination he has set his mind on, which is, or rather he is, quite distracted and dazed at the moment. Perhaps no destination at all, or rather no particular destination except that in his mind he is desperate to recollect what has just transpired between him and Clarissa while he is intent on coming up with some purpose in his life and derive a destination, a vague one, to say the least, therefrom. The name of Clarissa is enough to recall the images and times and places that are safely and securely stored in his mind and in fact oftentimes, whenever he is in need of bringing them out before his mind's eyes, have been recalled

⁶ The circles, whether they are leaden or something much lighter than that, may be an apt metaphor for the way each character interacts with another. As Mariella Marie Kruger points out, Clarissa, and others, are known through the people they are surrounded with and come in contact with, regardless of the actual distance that exists between them. Clarissa's mental state, for instance, is known through murky and adumbral description that develops pertaining to and centered on Septimus Smith. It does not matter whether they are physically connected or the reader perceives the two to be eventually linked in a way that is both surprising and expected, for the feature that ties the two happens to lie deep in their hearts, deep in the hearts of humanity, something that even resembles the primitive and instinctive craving for liberation and something that is derived from the quandary man found himself in as he evolved through centuries of self-discovery into a more advanced level of self-knowledge and self-doubt. See an argument pertaining to the adumbration of characters and characters that are interlinked through circles of suggested connections in a work entitled *The World as a Work of Art: Relationship in the Novels of Virginia Woolf* (Ann Arbor, Michigan: ProQuest. 2009). pp. 47-68. authored by Mariella Marie Kruger.

and gone over and over again, just to remind himself that his love, the eternal and long cherished love and the person his mind has been focused on all these years, has always been with him when he was in reality in India and worked hard to fulfill his duty there, to be functional and to please others and be of service to a lady he met on a boat in transit between England and India, the tropics, the long lost world, the land he never thought of travelling all the way to, but in fact ended up being there to escape the devastation and sentimental desolation he felt as he was reminded of his defeat and hopeless situation as to his union with Clarissa. He recurs to the same subject over and over again, as he trudges down the street of London, away from Clarissa's home, or rather Richard's home, in the direction where his legs will take them, perhaps, but in no particular direction, nonetheless. The actual direction does not matter as he is preoccupied with the might have been's and could have been's and going over the almost chance encounter, which he himself chose intentionally, however, by visiting her home, bursting into her private abode to see if she still recognized him, to see if anything dramatic might unfold upon reunion with the person he has been dreaming of meeting one more time after so many years of separation, and at the same time recalling the woman in India whom he confesses to be in love with, for the first time in his life and truly in love, which he reiterates time and again as if to convince himself otherwise. But his mind is filled with the images of Clarissa and the ramifications and complications that preceded and resulted from his reunion with Clarissa and her doppelganger, her daughter she proudly introduced as her Elizabeth. The fact that she insisted on her maternal relationship to the young girl stings him and reminds him once again the bitter sweet relationship, which is fragile and even verging on imaginary, which he thought he has kept between himself with Clarissa while the possibility of the insertion of another woman to his life looms over the horizon, for the union with whom he putatively came all the way to London, to sort his and her life out, to properly be married to her with all the blessings heaped upon him by Clarissa and others he has such fond memories of, particularly those associated with Bourton. But the passage of time obtrudes, must necessarily, as the image of Clarissa he kept in his heart, or the fortuitous ramifications of it he was sure he could force to coalesce as he invited himself into the private abode of Clarissa, recur to him and at the same time the frustration he feels as the ever concrete person and past and present images of Clarissa conflict and disperse and merge into each other, as they are indeed tenuous and insubstantial as well as substantial and nearly tangible as if transmuted through the accumulation of time that intervened between then and now. Oddly and quite naturally, Peter at this stage tries to reassert his superiority and power over Clarissa as he used to, as he stood

by the water fountain there decades earlier and casually and metaphorically referring to the vegetables or the vegetation growing nearby, shattering the meditative contemplation Clarissa was immersing herself in. But simultaneously, he is racked with the sense of defeat at the hands of the indomitable Clarissa, a person he could not quite conquer or completely make his own even in his youth, and tormented with the loss of self-confidence, as he becomes angry at himself, almost regretting that he has virtually burst into her private abode without giving any notice and even making himself vulnerable, and robbed of any choice but to confess what is happening in his life, giving out the reason why he came to London and what brought, really brought him to Clarissa. The tears he shed on her lap, in her arms makes the moments he spent with Clarissa rather bitter sweet. He was content that he finally returned to the person he really cared about, but at the same time she is defined as a person he considered his love and yet a rival and competitor for all these years and yet whom he was always conscious of. (Clarissa could as well have been the very cause that he deliberately chose to find a woman on the boat to India and eventually decided to marry her, just to have the pleasure of reporting the impending marriage to Clarissa later on.) As quiet descends on Peter, he is left with emptiness. The trip to London, the purpose of his trip back to England after all resulted in nothing except meeting with Clarissa and succumbing to the gentle caress of Clarissa's and tenderly forced to confide in her, not in so many words but quite obviously symbolized by the tears he shed in spite of himself. No wonder he feels helpless and hopeless as Clarissa refers to her daughter strictly as her own, fathered by Richard, his rival and creatively much inferior one to himself and yet conventionally a much more satisfactory companion for a woman like Clarissa, or so he muses as he trudges down the street of London.

As a cloud crosses the sun, silence falls on London; and falls on the mind. Effort ceases. Time flaps on the mast. There we stop; there we stand. Rigid, the skeleton of habit alone upholds the human frame. Where there is nothing, Peter Walsh said to himself; feeling hollowed out, utterly empty within. Clarissa refused me, he thought.

He stood there thinking, Clarissa refused me.

He is veritably reduced to skeletal remainders of his former self and all he could do was to reiterate in his mind that his love and his true love passed over him and left him behind to be united with the woman he talked about so much with Clarissa. Nothing remains, no movement of life force is palpable, and no soul worth saving for exists as Peter in vain tries to succor himself out of the doldrums of excruciatingly lonely life.

The agony of defeat Peter undergoes is almost unbearable. He stands still while he is gripped with the overwhelming sense that he is crushed and abandoned and

beyond succor. He needs Clarissa, which is the underlying thought as he recurs to the idea of him and Clarissa being together in the distant lands and times and having euphoric times together surrounded by friends, who may have dispersed all over England or, for that matter, all over the world, like himself, who happened to remain in India and now momentarily come back to England for the only purpose that he and Clarissa be together and reunited for one last time or one more time—Clarissa a secret sharer of his private and personal thought, the only one he actually desires to be with, only because he had such a sympathetic and complementary relationship with her. The only thing he is left with is the sense of emptiness, however.

As a cloud crosses the sun, silence falls on London; and falls on the mind. Effort ceases. Time flaps on the mast. There we stop; there we stand. Rigid, the skeleton of habit alone upholds the human frame. Where there is nothing, Peter Walsh said to himself; feeling hollowed out, utterly empty within. Clarissa refused me, he thought. He stood there thinking, Clarissa refused me.

The cloud, a lonely cloud, symbolizing a solitary helpless situation Peter is in, floats across the sky, just as Peter has been wandering all the way from the land of the natives off to the east thousands of miles away—under the circumstances there is no vibrant sound coming to his ears except the murmuring of the whispers and sounds telling him that he is set adrift in the wide and windswept ocean to seek his long-lost home in the whole desolate world. The image of time as a wind flapping a flag on the mast is exactly the situation and metaphorical mental condition he finds himself in as he stands and gauges his bearings in the midst of the windswept street of London. He would have much desired to be caressed by the gentle and sympathetic arms of Clarissa, reminding him that the congenial harmonious domain made up of friends and family is still there, all around Peter and Clarissa. Instead, he is racked with the sense that the desire and the idea of such paradisiacal world was an illusion, the desire he hoped to regain such a perfect world was an illusion and something he would never recover or attain. In fact, he may have erroneously judged the situation he was in from the beginning of his relationship with Clarissa. Such a perfectly harmonious world did not exist and has never have been within his reach even when he thought he was living and surrounded by his bosom companions. As silence descends on him, he finds himself completely incapacitated. He neither desires nor is motivated enough to make any change in his situation, the current situation he is forced into. He nearly ceases to be, just as the useless and symbolic mast merely stands there, as if ready to wilt and deprived of any real function, or failed to function in a manner that is expected. Peter stops and merely stands, not knowing what to do. He is at a loss. He is even ready to crumble, with no will

or no intention of continuing to exist and challenge all the obstacles his life throws at him, which in fact rush toward him each passing second. The mere habit of not ceasing to be, the mere habit or inertia of continuing to exist keeps him going, enables him to sustain his physical being, the tattered skeletal self that has in fact ceased to function in a manner any teleologically driven person wishes and hopes it to. Nothing remains of him, inside of him, in his mind and heart that is substantial and worth living for. He is completely devoid of the force and passion and energy that drove him and motivated him to leave India in search of a fulfilling denouement to his relationship with the woman he met on the boat to India and with whom he has been keeping up a satisfactory and reasonably romantic relationship and with whom he is, or at least he thought, he was ready to marry. But he could not forgo the absolute need to report to Clarissa what has preceded and what caused him to change his mind, not to wait until a much more satisfactory result ensued from his (potentially illusory) relationship with Clarissa that was underpinned by his desperate desire to be united with her, both literally and in a more romantic and passionate sense, the passions that are reminiscent of the dramatic scene that developed at Bourton with Clarissa and all the others, who constituted the essential part of their lives in the old and what seemed like more perfect days. Peter is absolutely "hollowed out," as he is forced to admit in spite of himself. He is merely a shell of his former self--what he was before he left India--when he felt purposeful enough to go to England and go through all the official and bureaucratic procedures to be married to the woman, who at present is married to another man and with children and resides in India. But the ultimate purpose to return to England has turned out to be to be reunited with the woman he has been sacrificing himself for, has been dedicating himself to for all these years. Ironically enough, the rejection at the hands of Clarissa and the outcome of the fateful conversation with her in her private abode, recalls the scene that arose by the water fountain decades earlier, where he rather cavalierly made a remark on the vegetables or vegetation nearby, attempting to establish some sort of connection with himself and Clarissa, or even more accurately between himself by way of all the things that lay all around them, and Clarissa. It may have been Clarissa who felt the agony of defeat, being insulted and being treated as less than a mature woman by a man she had feelings for at the time, but here in the present, it is Peter who suffers the sense of irreparable psychological damage and loss and the excruciating sense of defeat at the hands of none other than a woman who has been on his mind for all these years.

As Peter walks down the street, crest-fallen and defeated and downtrodden, he hears the subtle and yet audible bells of St Margaret's announcing the ineluctable and

decisive time, which is the time he will remember for the rest of his life as it separates him from his true love, not the one waiting in India for the happy report, a completion of the bureaucratic process Peter putatively left India for, or so everyone concerned, including Clarissa, presumed. The leaden circles form again, enwrapping him and the souls of his beloved and others he is imperceptibly connected with and eventually to be, hopefully, united in one form or another, and yet never will manifest in any meaningful manner that gives rise to any kind of fruition that pertains to Peter. The time being announced opens up a window, a psychological window on the world he craves to jump into, a sphere that is transcendent of the humdrum reality filled with dregs Peter would rather escape and leave behind, the kind where he is allowed to remain forever young and romantic and expectant of the state where he will be rejoined with his youthful friends and love, of his eternal love that will remain fixed and yet evolves eternally, evolving in his heart and mind. But suddenly, as expected if the past disappointments are of any indication of what is to transpire, he is left with a desolate lugubrious sense that the time the bells toll is a sign of the time passing, leaving him behind and completely devoid of hope and joy, reminiscent of the insurmountable barrier that has arisen between him and the love of his life. He may have felt the jubilant exultation of joy, akin to the sensation that he might feel when he overcame the scythe of time, and he may have indeed left time behind and arisen to the world where there is no punctuation of time, no temporal restrictions and limitations, and he was nearly overjoyed with the happiness that verges on ephemeral and yet conducive to an ineffable bliss, pulling him, or promising to, out of the doldrums of mundanity and depression. But as the bells toll and the leaden circles spread and dissolve in the air he breathes, the images and sadness of reality once again encroach upon his private sphere, and immediately he is drawn back to the lonely and sad and delimited world where he is forced to undergo the agony of defeat, forced to reconcile with the fact that the time will never come back to him, a time filled with spontaneous youthful joys undiluted with the dregs of life that are the concomitant of transitioning from youth to middle age and to old age. Old age, the sad reality and the word and world languorously echo through the air he breathes and reverberate in his mind when he is suddenly made aware of the illness Clarissa suffered in recent years. The deathly pale face, the sharp and bird-like pointed nose, they all remind him of the time that has elapsed since he last saw her and the fact that he exists in the present where he is enabled to define his self in reference to others eking out their living in the metropolis and the fact that at long last he is allowed to return to her home, to the abode of his true love. But the inkling of chilly mortality suddenly descends on him and he is inevitably filled with sadness, which

grips him and sends shivers down the spine, a sense and sensation that are almost infectious and orients his mind and heart in a direction he needs to wander off in search of his own sad and lonely state he seems to be retracing and confirming as he walks down the street of London. The idea of death, her pale emaciated feature is enough to induce a reflexive reaction on the part of Peter, as he rejects the impending death, or whatever is the inevitable and unavoidable, whatever lies down the road at the end of his life. He is adamant and emphatic as he rejects the possibility of death happening to him as well as Clarissa, something that lies at the end of the tunnel that both of them need to travel to reach their final destination.⁷ The dark corridor and narrow stairways they are forced to walk up to reach the spire on top of the building where they reside, except that Peter has been wandering in the vast subcontinent thousands of miles away from England and it is Clarissa, who is pushed into the corner of her room and into the steeple and constantly deals with the imminent implosion of her psyche and individual and private soul.⁸ Either case, Peter rejects the passage of time that intervened

⁷ The concept of life and death and the recurrence of each in the life of Clarissa, or for that matter in the life span of the continuous stream of overriding consciousness that pervades and runs through the novel, could be a reflection of the myth of Artemis and Persephone, as pointed out by Amy Charlotte Smith in her *Powerful Mysteries: Myth and Politics in Virginia Woolf* (Ann Arbor, Michigan: ProQuest, 2007), pp. 104-132. Needless to say, the idea of the oppositional, or rather the cyclical nature of the concept may as well be fitted into various phases of the lives of each and discrepant characters, but it may perhaps be rather illuminatingly applied to the resurrection and rejuvenation the English society as a whole, the nation as a whole experienced following World War I. Indeed, Clarissa and others who appear more prominently in the novel than others may be brought to bear upon that general concept and allowed to shed light on the idea of all kinds of aspects of the pervading consciousness that flows and runs repetitiously and cyclically in the course of human history (or rather the narrative), exemplified in the sliver of personal episode as Clarissa heads to a flower shop on her way to find the perfect flowers to enhance her party planned for the evening.

⁸ The roles the two play almost alternately every second of their lives may be attributed to the dual nature of, or wavering nature of, Clarissa's sexuality, as hinted and argued by Sara Elizabeth Jordan, for no matter how hard Clarissa tries to seek fun and happiness with the opposite sex, she cannot reconcile with the unknown and the fact that constantly assaults her psyche or constantly reminds her of the untellable craving for the other, who might not be identified with one particular person but it increasingly becomes undeniably clear to her private heart that is someone who came close to her being once in the past there at Bourton and who walked down the aisle stripped naked, nonchalant about how others might think of her, completely assured of her sexuality and integrity of her soul. The quondary Clarissa faces every passing second may be indeed related to the conflict and what she feels as irreconcilable forces that pin her down and force her ever unforgivingly to choose between one or the other, to come up with an identity that supersedes everything else about Clarissa that is untrue, or a choice between the two poles of sexuality that ineluctably brings the truth about herself to the foreground, or forces her to come face to face with her true self. See the argument developed by Sara Elizabeth Jordan about Clarissa's sexuality and the conundrums

between then and now or for that matter between him and Clarissa. He is emphatic about it.

He was not old, or set, or dried in the least. As for caring what they said of him — the Dalloways, the Whitbreads, and their set, he cared not a straw — not a straw (though it was true he would have, some time or other, to see whether Richard couldn't help him to some job).

He either obliterates the accumulation of time that weighs down on him or simply ignores time that ticks on every passing second, or the fact that it incessantly carries everything along with it, making him old and decrepit and leaving him obsolete. Conveniently enough, a bit of reality-impacted common sense helps him navigate safely through the doldrums, or the soul withering depression he could easily succumb to without the wry or heathy selfish tendency he manifests toward the end of the passage.

But even Peter, feeling rather old and worn-out and down at the heels, perhaps, felt young once. He recollects the times when he was enthusiastic about visiting the corners of the world, such as the Himalayas and the far-flung areas all the young and hopeful and aggressively optimistic, in a manner of pan-European and Eurocentric way, went to, who were convinced of the importance of learning philosophies, the foundations of the Western culture and superior Western mode of governance, ruling the less-blessed and less advanced civilizations that existed out to the east and south of the European continent, farther south and east of England and Great Britain. He was idealistic and content with books, carrying those abstract ideological books that drove the message home to those young idealistic susceptible ones, like himself, that the mission and purpose of the European youths was to proselytize and convert the benighted souls that were stuck in the doldrums, a stagnant civilization that was identified with the people who resided there in the East and over beyond the Mediterranean and in the huge, scorched continent rife with all sorts of exotic animals. Exoticism and lack of enlightenment, lack of progress that was what he was to challenge and bring himself face to face with to rectify the causes that held those people back from the potential leap forward, and making them as potentially hopeful about their land and culture as Peter himself felt in his youth, and the very hope and aspirations that carried him along and brought him to the land of the unblessed are what made him young and what made him aggressively optimistic about his mission to visit and go to those places to change the system and transform and demolish the backward ways that are the very reason and

that result from it, in *A Garden Party for Spinsters, Queers, and Whores: Gender Performance and Nature Imagery in the Novels of George Eliot and Virginia Woolf* (Ann Arbor, Michigan: ProQuest, 2007), pp. 49-71.

cause of the misfortune and dystopic desperation they are forced to struggle in. But in contrast to the young and aspiring mind that once made him reach the highest peaks of the Himalayas and reside in the scorched land of the subcontinent, with the present state he is in where he feels completely devoid of the drive and hopefulness that made his days rosy and euphoric in the past, but now completely feeling defeated and irrelevant in the life of the person he has been striving to be so optimistically transforming the benighted races of the east and the people living in the continent to the south for--all the hopes are shattered and he is lost and lost his bearings and mental and psychological bearings, not knowing how to reorient himself in a world that is hopeless and robbed of the one person, a cynosure of his wide ranging life, who made his life meaningful and worth living for in the first place, that very person handed him the ultimatum, that which pertains to his relationship with her, or what he considered to be his place in relation to her, she is lost to him and he is let loose and set adrift without any destination to set sail to. The final parting word does not help him at all at the moment as he tries to reestablish his mental bearings and physical bearings while he tries to take in the view that develops in front of him and round him and those sights that have been evolving around him all this while. Suddenly, or rather expectedly, the thudding of the shoes and boots of a band of young men becomes audible and as suddenly the theme of youth is connected and reconnected by way of the passage of time that elapsed since he left for those far-flung areas of the earth and through his residence in India and his return to England, to the sight that coalesces anew before him.

A patter like the patter of leaves in a wood came from behind, and with it a rustling, regular thudding sound, which as it overtook him drummed his thoughts, strict in step, up Whitehall, without his doing. Boys in uniform, carrying guns, marched with their eyes ahead of them, marched, their arms stiff, and on their faces an expression like the letters of a legend written round the base of a statue praising duty, gratitude, fidelity, love of England.

The youthful figures, as once he must have been or must have appeared to a person advanced in age who might have been observing him, as he himself is watching the band of youths marching down the street with thuds and audible footsteps--the interweaving of the time frames through the person who is in the center of the narrative landscape brings the complex of temporal phases, which become vague and multiply at the same time, or rather, the interweaving gives rise to an interesting concatenation of temporal frames and temporal phases that manifest and coalesce and as they grow and develop tend to give curious and intuitive insights into the nature of passage of time, and time per se, and the way it affects the mind of the central protagonist, the location

of consciousness that is placed in the middle of the narrative landscape, or the location could as well be in the periphery of the landscape or the entity could as well permeate the narrative space altogether. It is the crisscrossing of perspectives and sets of temporalities, which come together and separate and diverge each passing moment, that makes the chronological pattern that develops in the narrative landscape unique and elucidating, simultaneously shedding light on the nature of human mind and nature of consciousness, which might be an island unto itself but at the same time interlinked with others that may be visible or invisible or present or absent at any given moment but nonetheless subtly influencing the way each one of them eke out their existence in the given temporal frame that opens up each passing moment.

But the only way to save his days, the remainders of the fag end of his life after his relationship with Clarissa is over, is to recall and relive the youthful joys and reckless life he is feeling more and more still capable of recreating. He follows the band of youths, marching whatever direction they are going while observing them and staring into the features and thoughts that might be occurring in their minds and at the same time always allowing them to reflect on himself, on the inside of his mind on his psyche, thinking what might have happened if he chose a different path, if circumstances led to different course of action then and there at the water fountain at Bourton. But they are just the possibilities that will never be tested as she, the cynosure of his life, the true love and true heart he has been striving all his life to bring himself and her together for, not necessarily consciously but due to some ineluctable force that led him to her abode and to her person to have a conversation on not necessarily any particular topic but just to have a conversation, to remind himself of what actually transpired in the past, in the locale in Bourton, the decisive moments when he and his friends and Clarissa had so much pleasure together and which could have potentially led to their blissful union one way or another. Those moments in actuality will never come back to him, but he could at least strive to bring back the shade and hint of the romance, the vigor of youth he once actually felt and possessed and was convinced that he was capable of allowing it to bear upon his relationship between himself and Clarissa. In the meantime, in the external mundane world, he is following step by step, keeping abreast with the marching youths, as they train and dream of the days when they could prove to themselves and to the country how mature and heroic they could be, heroic to the extent that they are ready to sacrifice themselves to the nation that gave rise to true heroes and great metropolis full of statutes, monuments and structures they are walking by and while simultaneously being observed by an third person and an onlooker like Peter, who nonetheless has an advantage of being someone who has

travelled extensively and seen the world through his own eyes, a kind of experience the very youths marching side by side with him are preparing for. He feels young again and the vigor that once was his as well as the vigor that is currently manifested as he lets himself affected by the comportment of the youths wells out of the depth of his psyche and simultaneously the misfortunes and the depressive bouts he found himself battling with vanish and his mind wanders off to the distant chronological phase and locale where he was filled with joys and full of expectations, which only the reckless moments of youth could have enabled him to experience, leaving only a distant possibility, or so he thought, that such moments could ever recur later in his life, which, rather unexpectedly, coalesces none other than in the present when he walks down the street of London, side by side with the marching band of youths. As it so happens, in the external physical world, Peter is left behind, or rather fortuitously, at that very moment his curiosity is piqued by someone appropriate for, or reciprocal to, a man going through his youthful exuberance, or rather he is back to his younger self except that this time his attention is turned to someone who might as well be a surrogate of the youthful Clarissa, as she might have appeared to him decades ago there at Bourton. Suddenly, the whole ambience, the entire setup brings back the emotions and sensations he could have experienced in the heyday of his youth.

And down his mind went flat as a marsh, and three great emotions bowled over him: understanding; a vast philanthropy; and finally, as if the result of the others, an irrepressible, exquisite delight; as if inside his brain by another hand strings were pulled, shutters moved, and he, having nothing to do with it, yet stood at the opening of endless avenues, down which if he chose he might wander. He had not felt so young for years.

Without knowing the cause of it, without fathoming the consequences of the circumstances he put himself in, something ticklish, something joyful and something quite tempting arises in his sensual being and that is transmogrified into a caress or strumming hand and fingers that run across the cerebral strings of his being. Peter is jubilant and rejuvenated and feels exquisitely young and pleased. A sudden transformation takes place. He was nearly a wreck of his youthful self a moment ago as he recollected that which transpired between himself and Clarissa, when she gave him the ultimatum, indubitable and ineluctable confession that cannot be misconstrued but lingers and reverberates in his mind, causing waves and ripples that go wider and wider and nearly drowns him in the ceaseless circles of leaden hopelessness, trapping and incarcerating him in the present misery, a world finally revealed to be a leaden colored dungeon and prison without the cynosure that can only be embodied by the person he

bantered with by the water fountain at Bourton decades ago when he was young and hopeful and romantic and yearning for the hand of the person he saw as intellectually on equal footing with him, albeit he would have never conceded it then. But suddenly, as the band of youths thud along and as Peer march along with them to the call of the instructor, a sudden and untrammelled elation grips him. He cannot tell but the youthful exuberance fills his heart and he is merely and simply happy again for no reason at all but he can authorize himself to be young again and master of his own destiny as he was once—or he thought he was—when he was a young and spontaneous being who has no choice but true to his own instinct and impulse.

He had escaped! was utterly free — as happens in the downfall of habit when the mind, like an unguarded flame, bows and bends and seems about to blow from its holding. I haven't felt so young for years! thought Peter, escaping (only of course for an hour or so) from being precisely what he was, and feeling like a child who runs out of doors, and sees, as he runs, his old nurse waving at the wrong window.

As it so happens, he gives vent to, or rather gives free rein to his willing mind to indulge in a state that has arisen in the interstice between now and then, an extraordinary moment when he feels free to indulge himself in the basest and most instinctive sentiment and desire that wells out of his inner core. He finds a woman, a young and quite attractive and in the image he desires she needs to appear, in a way similar to the Clarissa when she was young and jubilant and vivacious, at the threshold of sexual outburst, or so he thought she might effloresce as he imagined intimates moments that would surely develop between his encounter and convivial time they spent together there and then at Bourton. But the woman he watches suddenly coalescing in front of him is not like Clarissa at all, as she is less pretentious, less well-off, less educated perhaps and less worldly than Clarissa, and in fact quite the opposite in every aspect. Her lips and her person symbolized by the voluptuous and sensual incarnation, which overtakes and overlaps with the person who walks on while Peter meditates and ponders the possible and potential consequences that might unfold from the chance encounter, an encounter that resulted in nothing except frustration and tantalizing nearness in sentiment while remaining far and further apart from each other as they remained in London and India, respectively. Peter keeps his eyes focused on the mysterious woman who precedes him, whom he keeps in front of him, in the space that is in the midst of his imaginative sphere where all kinds of things are possible, even transforming the woman in any image he would like, into any existential self he desires. The encounter, the act of following the woman close behind turns into, or rather provides him with an interlude where he is free to indulge in sexual

compensation for the frustrated time he had with Clarissa, the frustration that has been held in check, suppressed for all these years since the moment he dropped casual remarks pertaining to the vegetation and vegetables, which Clarissa did not take kindly, or even misconstrued, causing the lingering misunderstanding between the two, which eventually and consequently left them to go their discrepant paths that will never converge. The lost time and lost opportunities with Clarissa in turn turns his mind to a little flirtation with the passerby, imagining her as a surrogate figure to Clarissa, a vicarious embodiment of the person Peter wishes to be united and reunited with an outcome that is satisfactory to both of them. What is the outcome he had in mind, exactly, as he patiently waited for the right moment, even bringing himself to accept and convincing himself to propose to a married woman with a child, a romance that transpired on the boat on its way to the subcontinent? The person he has been keeping celibate for, or the person who caused him to remain faithful to for all these years ensuing the fateful moment at Bourton, all the sacrifices and abstinence he made himself go through backfire and he is bereft of all the pretensions and façade that has been all intended to impress the person he has been thinking of all these years--they leave him and abruptly he is all desire and instinct that force his attention on the prey that chances to come his way in the street of London at the right time and right location. As if to symbolize what is occurring in his mind, the metaphorical knife comes to the fore, allowing the reader to take a glimpse into the mind and body of Peter what is actually taking place vis-à-vis the woman with carnal temptation, or is it merely in his mind that is taking shape?⁹

Straightening himself and stealthily fingering his pocket-knife he started after her to follow this woman, this excitement, which seemed even with its back turned to shed

⁹ The body, the concept of corporeality, lends multi-faceted nuances to the relationship or the way each character manifests in the narrative space, both to herself and to others, who implicitly watch and surround her in an ever connected spatial and narrative structurality. It is, as Maureen Frances Curtin notes, the center of sexuality and the center of conscious self-efflorescence where erotic possibilities and sexual possibilities of the self and the important other are developed and come to impact all the others who surround them, who in turn are affected and affect the manner in which the body of the central subject and the self coalesces and is allowed to ramify into many layered narrative significations. If the reader focuses on the central concept of the narrative that is manifested through the skin and the body it is associated with, the conscious stream that pulses through the narrative layers and phases will become so much more elucidating and certainly provide more opportunities for him to take a glimpse into the inner psyche of the characters thus being scrutinized. See the relevant argument pertaining to the skin via the body of the person in the center of the narrative developed in *Out of Touch: Skin Tropes and Identities in Woolf, Ellison, Pynchon, and Acker* (New York: Routledge. 2003). pp. 15-40. authored by Maureen Frances Curtin.

on him a light which connected them, which singled him out, as if the random uproar of the traffic had whispered through hollowed hands his name, not Peter, but his private name which he called himself in his own thoughts. "You," she said, only "you," saying it with her white gloves and her shoulders.

The excitement, which wells out of his inner core, the essential core of his being is irresistibly there as he keeps the woman within sight and he is set on devouring her and keeping her his own, in the way he instinctively wants to transform her into. A sensation similar to frissons runs through him and he is back to his younger self, bringing him back to the moments that transpired there near the shore by the water fountain decades ago. To his ears, she calls him by his private name, just as he waited to be called by none other than Clarissa after the fateful event, but those moments are long gone and he is intent on the person who precedes him to the sanctum where he will crash the gate to manly happiness and satisfaction that has been long suppressed within him. The voice that arises from the imaginary woman caresses him and the tender tactile sensation imparted from her fingers and voice is transmitted through the sharp-pointed knife, which he holds and handles nearly ecstatically, or that might be the consequence of the union between the two. Then there is a sudden realization that she is indeed quite young and the bright colored carnation burns into his heart and carnal core of his being, sending shivers down his spine, or is he already in a phase that is dislocated from the present and transcendent of the actual reality he is in, on the street of London and bombarded with the noises he thought he heard, or the encounter between the two has been purely a product of his frustrated imagination, forcing him to invent a requisite moment where his desire is met and satisfied for the first time since the crucial moment at Bourton? His eyes are nonetheless scrutinizing the woman as she flicks her lizard-like tongue around her mouth and enchants the man who is already trapped and charmed by the inscrutability of everything she represents.

The chasing after the prize, chasing after the holy grail turns out to be merely his search for some excitement, any kind of excitement to keep his mind occupied and his attention turned away from the current concern he is preoccupied with, the thought of Clarissa, the dreams and the unattainable goal to be untied with her, to regain the youthful happy memories, the bonding and carousing with all the youthful energy with all the friends and people who gathered at Bourton, particularly with the youthful Clarissa--all the thoughts get scattered and pulverized and coalesce into a meaningless pipedream, which Peter would rather replace with the carnal desires that will be fulfilled with a young and actual and vivacious woman with a sufficient amount of mystery, or perhaps he is after the mystery, the mystery the present in London offers

and seems to beg for as he walks in tandem with the youthful moments incarnate, the moments that coalesce as a woman who precedes him—Peter is merely in search of the youthful moments that might have been simply squandered as he stayed in India, a consequence that obviously resulted from his severance from Clarissa, or is it merely his own choosing, a severance and separation which inevitably happened regardless of his success in his relationship with Clarissa or something that would have and could have inevitably and ineluctably ensued in spite of his relationship with Clarissa. But as Peter pursues the young woman his expectations rise and he is almost in the boudoir of the woman in the arms of the young lithe and voluptuous arms of the woman and where his desires are fully fulfilled. He dreams on and imagines the exquisite time he will surely have with the woman, but he suddenly realizes that he is merely imagining things and the woman he keeps in front of him and in sight might as well be a phantom as they, while being completely distinct and separate individuals and complete strangers, ever get closer to the goal the woman is walking toward. The picture of the two moving in tandem, not necessarily connected but at the same some strings pulling Peter toward her, ineluctably and inevitably, toward the woman is a state he has been dreaming of happening between him and Clarissa, but as the final parting word demonstrated that is unlikely to happen, except that he remembers the invitation to the party that is planned for the evening. Clarissa specifically tells him to come to her party and come and talk to her family and friends to make her party a success. But the way Clarissa introduces her daughter, my own Elizabeth, assaults his mind with its jagged reminder that he is never to be allowed to her inner sanctum, her familial space as there is a ring of barriers that have formed since they met for the last time in Bourton and the barriers have even grown sturdier and even more indestructible, which in turn puts Clarissa beyond reach for an outsider like Peter, who is a wanderer and lacks persistence and perseverance to have won the hand of Clarissa anyway, but the daughter, the name and the way Clarissa refers to her remains in his mind and constantly reminds him of the status, separate and hopelessly isolated condition he has eked out for himself after all these years.¹⁰ But at the end of the journey, the journey Peter is forced to make to chase

¹⁰ The condition and concept of being an outsider, outside the realm of others who constitute the majority of society and who create and prescribe the ethos and norms of society to which one is implicitly expected to conform, and the concept of insider are the terms that can be interestingly played against each other in the narrative of *Mrs. Dalloway*. The same dichotomous relationship in status, in position, and in ideology and the conflicts derived therefrom can also be applied to what happens in the mind and psyche of Clarissa Dalloway, who in a way is in the center--on the side of the dominant power, as her husband is a member of parliament and the status inherently and as a byproduct invests her with a certain expectations of power--and she is at the same time

the young woman of unknown origin, a slightly suspicious character who appropriately enough reaches the door with a basket hanging overhead, indicating and reflecting on the character of the woman Peter has been aroused by and excited by. The path to the Holy Grail turns out to be nothing like what he imagined would be possible between himself and Clarissa but seems contaminated by the mundane and carnal and banal. In contrast, all the thoughts that constantly occurred in his mind have been the ones that merged with those that potentially occurred in the mind of Clarissa but the merger of the two never, or rather is not likely to produce anything substantial or anything tangible that is likely to accrue to his physical health or well-being. They will be forever apart and yet so closely connected to each other, but the frissons and physical bliss the young woman seems to promise in Peter is not likely to result from the relationship they have maintained.

Works Referenced

- Curtin, Maureen Frances. *Out of Touch: Skin Tropes and Identities in Woolf, Ellison, Pynchon, and Acker*. New York: Routledge, 2003.
- Humphrey, Robert. *Stream of Consciousness in the Modern Novel*. Berkeley, California: University of California Press, 1954.
- Jordan, Sara Elizabeth. *A Garden Party for Spinsters, Queers, and Whores: Gender Performance and Nature Imagery in the Novels of George Eliot and Virginia Woolf*. Ann Arbor, Michigan: ProQuest, 2007.
- Kruger, Mariella Marie. *The World as a Work of Art: Relationship in the Novels of Virginia Woolf*. Ann Arbor, Michigan: ProQuest, 2009.
- Levitt, Morton P. *The Rhetoric of Modernist Fiction: From a New Point of View*. Lebanon, New Hampshire: University Press of New England, 2006.
- Lima, Jose Luis Araujo. *Virginia Woolf: Three Centenary Celebrations*. Porto, Portugal:

an outsider, not necessarily feeling she is in conflict with the power of the establishment and the dominant, bereft of the sense of comradeship with the people she actually comes in contact with on a day to day basis in the center of English and British power in London, but in fact she is driven to the top of the tower, alone and rather seeking solitude not because she has a choice to do so but because she is somehow compelled to seek the shelter and solitude away from the rest who might as well pose threat that encroaches upon her freedom and integrity. In other words she very often feels like Peter Walsh. See the argument on the concept of simultaneously on the inside and outside of society or group, being developed by Michael H. Whitworth in *Virginia Woolf (Authors in Context)* (Oxford, UK: Oxford University Press, 2005), pp. 125-146.

University of Porto, 2007.

Peters, Joan Douglas. *Feminist Metafiction and the Evolution of the British Novel*. Gainesville, Florida: University Press of Florida, 2002.

Rigney, Barbara Hill. *Madness and Sexual Politics in the Feminist Novel: Studies in Brontë, Woolf, Lessing, and Atwood*. Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin Press, 1980.

Smith, Amy Charlotte. *Powerful Mysteries: Myth and Politics in Virginia Woolf*. Ann Arbor, Michigan: ProQuest, 2007.

Whitworth, Michael H. *Virginia Woolf (Authors in Context)*. Oxford, UK: Oxford University Press, 2005.

意識の展開と心理・物理的ダイナミクス

Virginia Woolf の *Mrs. Dalloway* ではあたかも関係のない人物がお互いに影響を及ぼし、それが意識のレベルで様々な葛藤、融合となって物語の全体的なナラティブダイナミックを形成している。しかし時には意識の枠にはとられない、あるいはその枠を超越するような心的、物理的展開も見られる。この論文ではその精神的、意識的枠を超えたところにみられる登場人物の心理的、物理的動きにも焦点を当てて *consciousness* の展開の過程を分析、考究してみた。